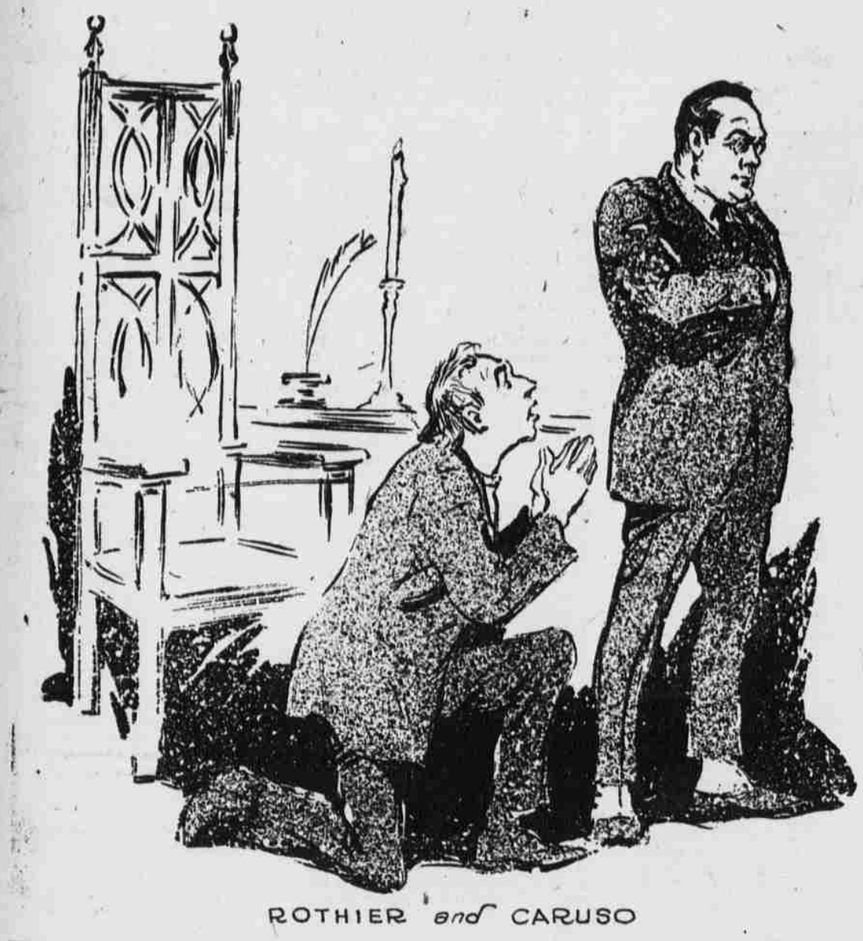
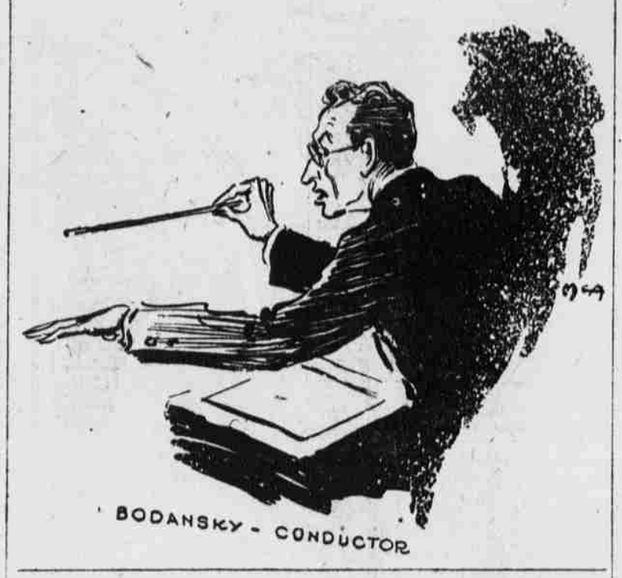
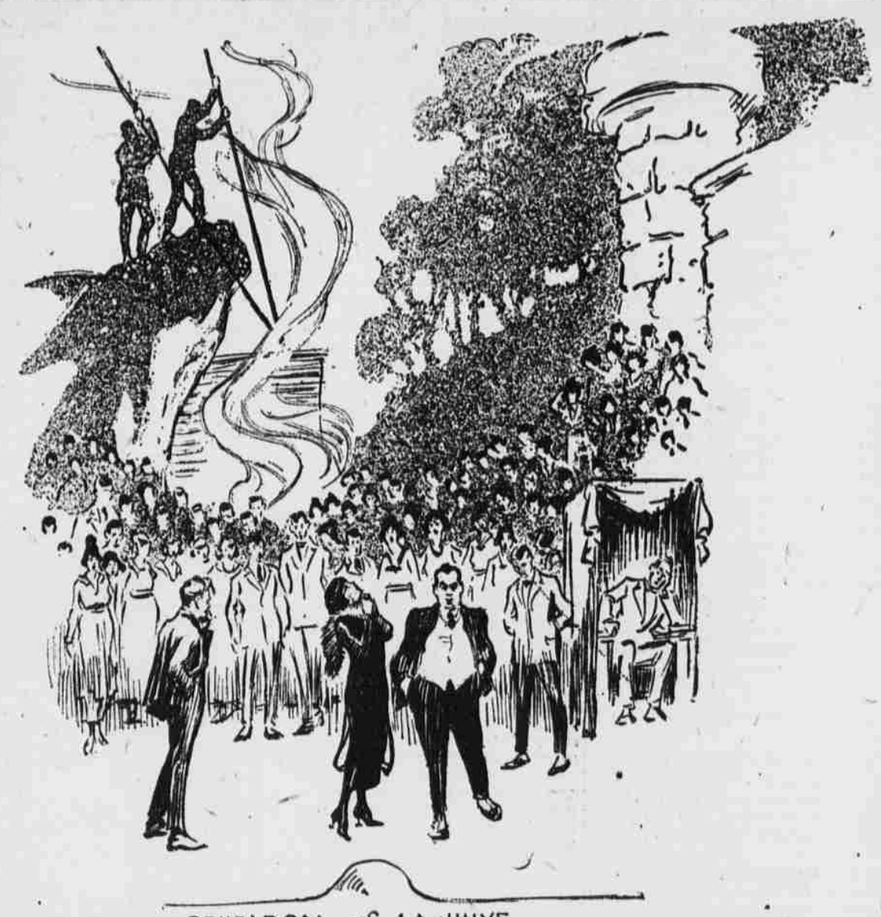
ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF FIRST GRAND OPERA REHEARSAL



ROTHIER and CARUSO



BODANSKY - CONDUCTOR



REHEARSAL of LA JUIVE
ORDINSKY (Stage Director) ROSA PONSELLE - CARUSO

Continued from Preceding Page.

Saens, "Danse Macabre"; songs: "At the Well," Hageman; "A Nocturne," Kramer; "June," Beach.

The Orchestral Society, Max Jacobs, conductor, will give the first of its three subscription concerts in Aeolian Hall this afternoon. The programme: Mozart, "Jupiter," symphony; Ballet-Suite, Gluck-Mottl; Fantasy for Harp and Orchestra, Dubois, Mildred Dilling, harpist; Beethoven, Overture, "Egmont."

The second in a series of concerts with American soloists will be given this afternoon at the Manhattan Opera House. Marcia Van Dresser, mezzo soprano; Rafaelo Diaz, tenor, and Eddy Brown, violinist, will be heard. The programme includes Conus's violin concerto, Meyerbeer's air, "Ah, Mon Fils," and, for tenor, songs by Clarke, Hirst and Burnham.

The programme for the New Symphony Orchestra's next pair of concerts, to take place on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening in Carnegie Hall, is as follows: Liszt, symphonic poem, "Orfeo"; Beethoven, piano concerto, E flat, Harold Bauer, soloist; Schumann, symphony No. 3.

George Reimherr, tenor, will give his annual song recital here in the Princess Theatre this afternoon. He will sing an aria from "The Messiah," three new songs dedicated to himself by Amy Clark, two songs by Koscak O. Yamada and selections by Russian and American composers.

This afternoon in the Hippodrome Lorenzo Camilieri will conduct an orchestra of sixty players selected from the New Symphony Orchestra at the Thanksgiving celebration which has been arranged under the auspices of the People's Liberty Chorus. A chorus of 1,000 voices will participate. Mme. Marie Sundelius will sing. Julia Arthur will read. Beethoven's "Hymn of Creation," "Gounod's "I Am Alpha and Omega," from "Death and Life," De Koven's version of Kipling's "Recessional," and "The Home Road," a new patriotic song by George Nevin, are among the numbers which will be sung by the chorus.

Florence Hinkle, soprano, will give a song recital to-morrow afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme includes four airs "in the old style" by di Stefano Donaudy, and eight songs, announced as new, by Fourdrain, Pierce Alin, Orsini, Treharne, Scott, Francis Moore, Rocke and Gulon.

Dr. Fery Lulek, Rumanian barytone, will give his first song recital here to-morrow night in Aeolian Hall. His programme comprises operatic airs by Verdi and Ponchielli, and songs by Tirindelli, Hahn, Widor, Fourdrain, Kramer, La Forge, Hans Richard, Coolridge-Taylor and Huhn.

Dora de Phillippe, soprano, will give a song recital on Tuesday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme includes Haydn's air, "Gia la Notte," and songs by Prokofieff and Vassilenko; gypsy melodies arranged by Vitezslav Novak, and Lawrence Eyre's new song, "Among the Sandhills."

The programme for the first concert of the Flonzaley Quartet on Tuesday evening in Aeolian Hall is as follows: Quartet, opus 5, Albert le Guillard; quartet, in D, opus 76, No. 5, Haydn; quartet in E minor, "From My Life," Smetana. The quartet by Le Guillard in the list is said to be the most important contribution probably to the chamber music literature of recent times in France. The name of its author is still largely unknown. The work was played for the first time anywhere last spring in Paris by the Poulet Quartet.

Josephine Lucchese, a soprano from Texas, will give her first recital here on Wednesday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She will sing old Italian airs, classic and modern operatic airs, including David's "Charmant Oiseau," and among other songs Eckert's "Swiss Echo Song" and Branscombe's "Happiness."

The Cincinnati Orchestra, Eugene Ysaye, conductor, will give a concert on Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall. Mischa Elman, violinist, will assist as soloist. This will be the first hearing in New York city of the Cincinnati Orchestra, now in its twenty-fourth season.

Harriet McConnell, a contralto, who has been heard here in joint recitals, will give a song recital in Aeolian Hall on Thursday evening. She will sing a long list of airs and songs by twenty-two composers, including Mendelssohn's "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own," "St. Paul," and Samuel Gardner's "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone."

J. Campbell-McInnes, English barytone, will give his first recital here on Friday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His programme contains old Italian and English airs, and songs by Bruneau, Hahn, Lidgey, Vaughan, Peel and Scotch songs. Harold Spencer will be at the piano.

Mary Jordan, contralto, will give her annual song recital here next Friday evening in Aeolian Hall. Her programme includes new songs by Fourdrain, Pierre Alin, Albert Spalding, Yamada (to be sung in Japanese), Amilcare Zanella and Marion Bauer.

Benon Moiseiwitson, Russian pianist, will make his first appearance in this country in a piano recital in Carnegie Hall next Saturday afternoon. The programme: Bach, Chromatic fantasy and fugue; Liszt, sonata B minor; Schuman, "Carneval"; Chopin, Barcarolle, two etudes, nocture in E, fantasy; Brahms, Capriccio in B minor, Intermezzo in A, variations on a thgme of Paganini.

Leo Ornstein will give his second piano recital of the current season here next Saturday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme: Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Ravel, Sonatina; Grainger, Shepherd's Hey; Henrion, Le Basque; Ornstein, Impressions of the Thames, Wild Man's Dance; Liszt, Galop Chromatique; Chopin, Nocturne in D flat, Impromptu in A flat, Etude in C minor, Polonaise in E flat; Liszt, Barcarolle; Mendelssohn - Liszt, Wedding March and Dance of the Elves

Vladimir Dubinsky, cellist, assisted by several other artists, will give the first of three musicales in the Chalif auditorium to-night.

The programme for the Symphony Society's first Saturday evening subscription concert in Carnegie Hall next Saturday night is as follows: Overture, "Le roi d'Ys," Lalo; Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven; Concerto for Piano with Orchestra, A minor, Grieg, Percy Grainger, soloist; Prelude, "Les Cathedrales," Pierne; Children's March, "Over the Hills and Far Away," Grainger, first time.

Next Sunday's concerts include the Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall; the Symphony Society, Aeolian Hall; Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, soprano, Hippodrome, afternoon; Cincinnatti Orchestra, Hippodrome, evening; Yvette Guilbert, Maxine Elliott Theatre.

A development of the work of the Schola Cantorum for this winter is a series of technical lectures to be given for the chorus on Wednesday evenings by David Bispham. He will speak on resonance, enunciation, phrasing, delivery, legato singing, etc. These lectures are free to the members of the chorus.

The second in the series of popular Sunday night concerts in Brooklyn will be given this evening in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Cesare Sodero will lead an orchestra of sixty players. Cecil Arden and Sascha Jacobsen will be the soloists.

Mme. Galli-Curci will give a song recital in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Tuesday evening.

The first of the "Music Lovers' Concert Series" will be given on Friday evening in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. At this concert the Cincinnati Orchestra will be heard. Eugene Ysaye, conductor, and Mischa Elman will be the soloist.

Three Rockland County Men Span a Century by Their Reminiscences

Cornelius A. Mabie, 103, and Garret Iseman and Capt. William A. Van Houten, Both 95, Link the Storied Past to the Present With Many Interesting Memories of History as They Saw It Made.

THERE is nothing which for my part I like better," said Plato in one of his dialogues, "than conversing with aged men, for I regard them as travellers who have gone a journey which I, too, may have to go."

In full accord with the Platonian spirit a visitor recently called upon Cornelius A. Mable, aged 103 years, and Garret Iseman, aged 95 years, who live at Sparkill, N. Y., and Captain William A. Van Houten, aged 95 years, of Haverstraw, N. Y. These three men, whose ages aggregate the imposing figure of 293 years, are fine types of Rockland county's contribution to citizenship and serve to illustrate the longevity of the sons of "Old Rockland." Ponce De Leon would have found his fountain of youth amid the healthful hills and vales where these stalwart citizens have flourished like green old oaks when one hundred years—or nearly so—have gone. Rambling through the old burying grounds that surround the ancient churches of the county, and reading the quaint inscriptions on the lichen covered brown stone tombstones, one is impressed with the average old age attained by the old time residents.

Near the terminus of the original line of the Erie Railroad at Sparkill, N. Y., lives Cornelius A. Mabie, the oldest man in Rockland county, or for that matter in many counties. Mr. Mabie was born on the home farm in an old house that stood within 300 yards of the spot where he at present lives on August 4, 1816. He always has lived on the ground owned by his ancestors, who were among the sixteen original owners of the Tappan or Orangetown Indian Patent, or as he puts it, "Other people have shifted around; I have lived all my life on one farm."

Mr. Mabie is the son of Adolphus Mabie and Rachael Bell, families that have their roots in the earliest settlements. His grandfather was captured during the early Colonial wars and never returned to his home, dying in the army. The women, including his grandmother, were at this time put on boats in the river for safety, and it was on a sloop in the Hudson River that his father, Adolphus, was born. Of Mr. Mabie's age there can be no doubt. The record may be seen in the baptismal register of the Old Dutch Reformed Church at Tappan which records have been kept from 1694 to the present time. It is also in the old family Bible.

Spent Years in Room.

The visitor found Mr. Mabie at his farm home seated in his room, which he has not left for several years past because of blindness. Although feeble in body, his mind is clear and his memory exceptionally good, particularly of his early life. He is greatly pleased to have visitors and is very proud of his great age. He knows the seasons and the weather, he can tell the different dishes set before him at the table and is so wise generally regarding matters about the home that his grandchildren jokingly call him "Foxy" Grandpa.

Asked as to the secret of his long life Mr. Mabie said: "Other people could live as long if they would do the same as I do. I have been temperate in all things. I always went away from the table a little hungry." Mr. Mabie maintains his interest in local affairs and when the Sparkhill *Herald*, his local paper, was not read to him on the day of its last weekly issue he promptly called for it.

For a centenarian he has many traits of a boy. For example, he likes to lie abed mornings, seldom rising before noon, and again never likes to retire much before midnight. In his reminiscences Mr. Mabie, or "Cassie," as the old neighbors call him, links today with the storied past most interestingly.

During his boyhood he had the story of the revolution from the survivors of that sanguinary struggle, and living on historic ground in the near vicinity of "Old Tappan," the place of execution of Major Andre, he personally recalls the incident when the remains of Andre were exhumed to be returned to England for interment. He has many old relics, including a flintlock musket carried by his sires. A more gruesome and ancient relic which "Cassie" showed was a tomahawk given to him by his grandmother, who had it from her Indian neighbors, and he remembers well hearing his folks tell how they melted up their pewter plates into bullets. He also called for his old horn spoon made for his grandmother by the Indians.

Still another distinction that "Cassie" can boast of is that he is the oldest man now living who has worked on the Erie Railroad. When he was but twenty-three years old he drove an ox cart in the construction work on the old New York and Erie eighty years ago. There is probably not a man now living that worked on the road at that time.

"Cassie" told how he took his son, who were he now living would be 83 years old, to see the first train go over the line, and laughs to tell how the little boy ran away with fright.

Married in 1836.

"Cassie" was married on Nov. 3, 1836, to Sarah Ver Bryck, who had six children, of which four grew up, and two daughters and one son are still living, as well as numerous grandchildren.

When Mr. Mabie was born James Madison was President, and in 1840 he cast his first vote for the Whig candidate for President, "Old" Harrison, as he termed him.

Mr. Mabie is happy in his green old age, and save for the blindness which afflicted him some fifteen years ago, he says he may say with the poet:

> "I'm growing fonder of my staff;
> I'm growing dimmer in my eyes;
> I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
> I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
> I'm growing careless in my dress,
> I'm growing frugal in my gold,
> I'm growing wise—I'm growing—yes,
> I'm growing old."

Over the hills not far from the home of Mr. Mabie lives his old friend and neighbor, Garret Iseman, on his old home farm. Mr. Iseman was born in the nearby village of Palisades on May 18, 1824, being now in his ninety-sixth year. The first twenty-one years of his life he spent on a farm, then forty years in an engine cab, mostly on the old Erie, and the remainder of his days back to the old farm again. Mr. Iseman, or "Garry," as his friends like to call him, is undoubtedly the oldest living railroad engineer in the world to-day.

When he was a twelve-year-old boy the Erie Railroad began construction of its road at Piermont, N. Y., and "Garry" drove a horse and dirt cart in the roadbed construction for a contractor that boarded with his father. He recalls that shortly after the rails were laid in 1840, between what is now Sparkill and the end of the Long Pier into the Hudson at Piermont, a distance of about two miles, it was the custom to send over this line a horse car drawn by one horse to carry the passengers to and from the steamboats stopping at the pier on their trips to the city. David Clark was the driver of this car.

In October, 1845, when "Garry" was 23 years old, and there were but five wood burning locomotives on the Erie, he was made a fireman on the "Piermont No. 2," and in 1847 he was made an engineer. An interesting volume could be filled with the reminiscences of the years that followed, for "Garry" has a great memory and an inimitable way, full of a dry humor, and dearly likes to recall some of the "smart jobs" of his personal experience in the pioneer era of railroading.

When "Garry" was born there was not a railroad in America, and he was 5 years old when Horatio Allen ran the "Stourbridge Lion," the first locomotive on the continent, on the D. & H., in 1829. "Garry" was the first engineer to run a regular train from Piermont to Port Jervis, and so far as known is the last survivor of this historic event. In the "60s" he ran the engine named the "Robert H. Berdell No. 343," the handsomest on the road, and it is a tradition that still persists that no better engineer ever pulled the throttle.

"Garry's" experience covered not only the era of the old woodburners, but also that of the period of the Drew-Fisk-Gould regime. More than once, he says, "Jim" Fisk and Josie Mansfield rode in his engine cab to Turners Station on the main line, where they went for the day.

At present Mr. Iseman enjoys good health and a happy home with his daughter. He derives much enjoyment in the care of his garden, and likes to take a day off every once in a while and go fishing. He has a hobby too, and it is his woodpile, and he keeps himself fit by chopping away for dear life daily. Speaking of the railroads of to-day, "Garry" deplored the discontent of the times and the unrest in the labor world. Comparing wages and general conditions of the present with that of the past, he confessed he was at a loss to understand the dissatisfaction that generally prevails.

His habits and philosophy of life are simple: "I've always lived on plain fare and believed in my fellow men. That helps to keep you young in spirit even if you are old in years."

Bidding good-by to Mr. Iseman the visitor motored a dozen miles to Haverstraw and called on its oldest inhabitant, Capt. William A. Van Houten. I found the latchstring out and the Captain seated in his big armchair by the front window; not that he can see the broad expanse of Haverstraw Bay any more, for he is blind now. He has a mental picture of its every shore line and current. He greeted the caller with a hearty hospitality, "Aye, it's a great river," he said. "I swam across it here at its widest point, three and one-half miles, when I was a boy."

The Captain lives in the old homestead on First street, where he was born ninety-five years ago. The house is a large rambling structure of 22 rooms, one of the oldest standing in the town. Years ago it was a tavern on the post road to New York, and some of the numbers on the doors of the upper rooms still can be seen to remind one of a vanished day. Its hand-hewn beams have withstood the storms of time for over a century and a half for it was built by the Captain's grandfather, John Wandell, whose daughter, the Captain's mother, was also born there.

From the piazza can be had an unobstructed forty mile view of the old Hudson, on whose waters the Captain spent most of his active days, and out yonder in the yard the old well flows as clearly as in days of yore. In these days of moving about from pillar to post it is something to be proud of to be able to tell that your grandfather, your mother, yourself and your descendants have lived continuously under one roof tree. Captain Van Houten is indeed very proud of this fact.

Another thing that Captain "Bill," for that is what everybody in Haverstraw affectionately calls him, will tell you is that he and his only brothers, John and Charles, were all born in October, two years and ten days apart; John on Oct. 5, Charles on Oct. 15, and Captain William A. on Oct. 25. The Captain is now the only surviving member of the trio, and was born in 1824.

His early schooling was in the old "Academy," where Pedagogue Loomis taught him to use, in the Captain's words, "hooks and trammels." Recalling these primitive times the Captain told how he went to school and church barefoot. Later, when a big boy, he had his first pair of shoes, made by "Uncle" Daniel Smith. He recalled how he was allowed to light the candles in the Methodist church, and he still has a cherished possession in the old foot warmer that as a boy he carried to church for his mother. In those days the present village was all green fields, in which he recalls his grandfather catching wild pigeons with a net.

School days over at the age of 15 the Captain began his career on the water with the late Capt. Levi De Noyelles of the celebrated family of that name, shipping on the sloop John De Noyelles as cabin boy and cook in the Albany-Haverstraw lumber trade. After a couple of years he was apprenticed to the wheelwright trade, but the lure of the river called him back from this prosaic life two years later, and he bought on his own account a "perlauger" called the Economy, a type of boat little known now, having two masts and mainsails, but no rigging.

With this he carried moulding sand from the "Mud Hole" near Newburgh to Haverstraw, and also brick to New York. Later he bought the schooner Isadora, continuing in the brick carrying trade between Haverstraw and New York, and in the winters freighting oysters from Virginia. He also owned the schooner Thomas R. Williams at one time. Capt. "Bill" later entered mercantile life, but the last thirty years of his active life were spent on the beach, under the hill of his home, attending to the small river craft and looking after the youngsters of Haverstraw of that generation, and their children in their boating and bathing, and among whom his popularity is unbounded.

"Polka Dot" Cottage, as his waterside boathouse is known, is the popular rendezvous for old and young. But to-day the Captain sits in his old house on the hill counting the days to his approaching 95th birthday, when he hopes to celebrate, as has been his custom in past years, by entertaining his numerous friends and visitors with anecdote and reminiscence, and singing his old time favorite songs, "Sally Had a Little One" and "On Champan's Big Ledger," and dancing his "Water Street" jig. For the Captain is still a remarkable man and, except for his sight, retains all his faculties. Nor do his thoughts all lie buried in the past. He follows current affairs closely and his admiration of the navy, particularly in the feat of bridging the Atlantic during the late war, commands the old sailor's unbounded admiration.

Of the old Hudson River boatmen of his day, the Captain "Bills," he recalled that there were beside himself Captains "Bill" Kingsland, Chapman, Bacon, Smith, Van Orden and Kennedy, and of this company our Capt. "Bill" Van Houten alone survives. Those were great days on the old river, when its commerce was freighted in sailing craft, and its waters were white with the sails of a hundred sloops in sight on any fine day.

All gone now. But the Captain is still with us, with all sails set for the port of a century.

"THE WILD IRISH BOY."

"The Wild Irish Boy," a song, words and music written by Michael J. Fitzpatrick, is one of the musical pieces inspired by the war which have attained popularity. It takes for its hero Corporal Matthew A. Moran, who lived in Brooklyn and had just taken out his first citizenship papers when he enlisted in the 165th Infantry, Rainbow Division, and went to France as a member of Company L. He was killed in action August 4, 1918.

The composer sang this piece with telling effect at a party given in Newark to aid THE SUN Tobacco Fund.

How Folks Travelled Seventy Years Ago

IT took thirteen days to travel from central Missouri to Philadelphia in 1851, according to a letter written by John Wesley White, a merchant of Roanoke, Mo., to his wife in that year. The journey was made on horseback, steamboat, stagecoach and railroad. The letter was written from Philadelphia and New York, where the merchant had gone in quest of new goods for his village store. It is now in the possession of Mrs. F. M. Wilcox, who was Mr. White's daughter.

Mr. White was a native of Virginia. He went to Missouri about the time the Clemens family moved from Tennessee to Florida, in Monroe county. Roanoke was about twelve miles from Glasgow-on-the-Missouri. Glasgow and Hannibal were the outlets for all the pioneer trade from northeast Missouri.

Mr. White's was the largest store in Roanoke, its trade with the planters and tobacco raisers being heavy. Across the street was a large canvas sign reading: "The Great Western Store." There were no travelling salesmen. Most of the Missouri merchants bought from St. Louis, but now and then some enterprising dealer travelled to Philadelphia or New York, where the stores were larger.

Missouri was a far Western point then. Beyond the river was the wilderness through which the hopeful argonauts in their ox-drawn prairie schooners were then travelling to the land of gold. The pioneer merchant was a man of large affairs and well educated as education went at that period, but he followed the peculiarity of his contemporaries in spelling, and that peculiarity is followed in the letter he wrote to his wife under a Philadelphia dateline, on Sunday morning, March 23, 1851. It says:

"My dear Mary: I arrived at this place on yesterday evening after a towr of thirteen travelling days from Glasgow, where I took a boat to Saint Louis. I left that town the night of March 11 on the fine side wheeled steamer Amazonica. It was a most pleasant trip all the way to Pittsburg, though for a while after leaving Cincinnati I was pretty sick. But now I am well and in good spirits. Thanks be to God, who watches over all his children and who is watching over you while I am on this long and hazardous journey.

"I am stopping at the American House, on Chestnut street. Yesterday I was introduced to some of the first merchants of the city, who were much interested in the man who had come all the way from Missouri to trade with them; was much taken with their friendly manner and evident willingness to do everything they could to make me feel at home. Some of them asked me many questions about our State, and they wanted to know if the Indians and wild animals gave us much trouble in the 'back country.' I told them the trouble was we didn't find all the bear and deer we would like to find, for they were excellent as food.

"It is not my purpose to buy right at once. I am going to look around a while and take my time so as to get what is best and the lowest price. My purchases here will be shipped on the great Sentral Raylway and canal to Pittsburg, and from there by boat to St. Louis, where they will be reshipped on another boat up the Missouri to Glasgow.

'Some men from every large house is soliciting me to purchase. I find that the big rush of business is now over here, and goods have declined a little, so it will be best to wait until I make some discoveries before purchasing." . . .

"New York, March 30.—Leaving Pittsburg a large crowd came on the packet Atlantic to voyage to Brownsville. The Atlantic is a small boat and only carried passengers—no goods. The distance from Pittsburgh to Brownsville is sixty-five miles. We left Pittsburgh at 9 o'clock at night and at 6 in the morning we were on our way to Cumberland, seventy-three miles from Brownsville. All the way was over the mountains, the highest you ever saw, and the roadway was very rough. There was snow in a great many places, sometimes six inches deep. It was pretty cold coming across. Our conveyance, however, kept moving steadily. By 9 o'clock we were in the Baltimore cars, 193 miles, making the travelling time fifteen hours to Cumberland, where we did not wait five minutes. By 9 at night we were on our road to Baltimore, where we arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning, making 193 miles in just eight hours. (Nine years later the pony express ran across Missouri, from the Mississippi to the Missouri River, 206 miles, in four hours.)

"We left Baltimore the same day at 10 o'clock and landed in this city at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, distance 100 miles. There are a great many railways and canals coming into this city, and since I have been here I have been informed there are sailing ships of different kinds lying at the various wharves. They come here from all parts of the world to get things we raise on our plantations and bring in such things as we do not raise in exchange.

"On arriving at the depot and going out into the street I was surrounded by 100 carriages and porters from the different hotels. So dense was the crowd that the passengers from the train could hardly get by. They would pull and tug at you as if they were going to make you go with them whether you were a mind to or not. When you accept one of them he attaches a card to you and by this token the others know you have decided to go with and let you alone.

"Last night while at the hotel I counted sixteen beggars, women, boys and girls, that came in and insisted on the travellers giving them something. They have the idea, it seems, that people who come here from a long distance have plenty of money and are very free with it. They have a way by which they can tell those who travel from those who live here. Then we were next assailed by a stormy lot of newsboys and girls who wanted to sell us papers and pamphlets containing some great men's speech, or some discovery of science. Wherever you go these folks follow you, and nobody, it seems, tries to stop them. With the beggars, the news vendors, the carriers and the coachmen you don't get a moment's peace until you get in your room and lock the door. I have wanted to see New York all my life, having learned it was a place to carry in one's memory for all time, but if my memory of the first day lasts, New York will always seem to me what my first night's dream was—a lot of skinny people trying to climb over the foot of the bed and sell us something, or to take me somewhere for my money."

England's Teeth

ENGLAND is going to brush up. What? Why its teeth, of course.

It appears that the country which gave us Shakespeare has neglected for all these years the proper care of the teeth of its subjects, the young and the old, the boy and the girl, whether in school or out. Then came the American doughboy and the awakening. Sharp England noticed that each American soldier was armed with a toothbrush, equally important as the rest of his war accoutrements.

The English health surgeons sat down to figure it out. They learned that the United States had supplied more than 5,000 dentists for the forces going to France. A glance at the British dental statistics was in order and despite the great preponderance of British fighting men at the front, the best that could be found was that Great Britain had supplied 500 qualified dentists.

Did England sit down and say "Jolly well"? It did not. The British Dental Association took careful note of the good health of the doughboy, his smiling appearance with those rows of glistening white teeth, the tribute to the assiduous use of the tooth brush. And forthwith the British Dental Association began a campaign for the use of the juvenile muscles of the country in the propulsion of the tooth brush. Not satisfied with this, the dental association is besieging the Ministry of Health for the establishment of a dental section to take charge of the care of the teeth of the country. Here is what the association proposes:

Dental treatment for expectant mothers and children up to the age of five years.

Dental inspection and treatment of all of school age.

Dental treatment of all adults whether entitled to national insurance benefits or not.

Dental treatment as an essential for the cure of tuberculosis.

Perhaps when the British Dental Association was forming its plan for the campaign for better teeth, it also recalled the voracious appetites of the young men wearing the uniform of the United States. England likes its beef, we all know, but with better teeth—well roast beef ought to be an increasingly popular food when the machinery is at hand, sharp and in trim, for masticating it.